

Stay in My Arms

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Stay in My Arms

by [hydralilies](#)

Summary

Dream lets loose a content sigh.

“Missed this,” he murmurs, voice muffled in the fabric against his face.

“Missed *you*.”

He feels, rather than *sees*, George’s hand come up to sift through his hair, petting his scalp and combing generously through knots. The other rubs loving circles into the place where his shoulder and neck meet.

“You’re so dumb. It’s been, like, two days,” George laughs.

“Mm,” Dream hums as he nuzzles a little more firmly into George’s chest, “too long.”

Or, George's solution for his sleep attacks is to be in Dream's arms. Sleepy cuddles, late-night Geoguessr streams, and first-time handjob occur.

Notes

Hi!!

So this is the second installment of my narcoleptic!Gnf series! I wanted to split it up from the first one to separate the sfw from the nsfw. :)

I would highly recommend reading the [first part](#) (which is all fluff and cuddles), as it explains the development of Dream and George's relationship/how they get together, but I suppose it isn't *too* necessary. If you don't read it, you just won't understand a few things/references in this one.

This is half 'dnf fluff brainrot', and half 'dnf smut with a lottttt of feelings'. Overall, I'm very proud of it and yea! I hope you all enjoy!

[Twitter](#) | Big thanks to my beta [Fia!](#)

If Dream or George ever say they're no longer comfortable with shipping/nsfw, this fic will be immediately taken down.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It gets easier.

The next few weeks pass by in a smooth blur. George's sleep attacks dwindle in frequency as his body sheds the jetlag, and Dream is there, ready to embrace this newfound side of his friend with open arms. They eventually sit down, side by side, and Dream is schooled in the way of identifying warning signs.

And it gets even *easier* when George decides his solution- the *best* solution- for his sleep attacks is to find *Dream* .

No longer does Dream have to idly linger in the kitchen, fidgeting as he wonders why his sunshine has gone missing for the third time that day. No longer does he wallow in his overwhelming thoughts, allowing deprecating explanations to swamp his rationale and self-assurance.

No longer does Dream have to smother his love, his possessive tendencies, his *infatuation*.

Instead, he can put his worries on the shelf to collect dust; forgotten and abandoned in some far-away place that's been replaced by nirvana.

His nirvana is when George is in his arms.

It's when he stumbles bleary-eyed from the living room and slumps against Dream's side to meld their bodies together. When he tugs at the blond's tee with slim fingers, breathing deep and methodical in a way Dream can now recognize and accept. When he lets Dream *worship* him, with indiscreet kisses while he dozes on his shoulder, with gentle caresses of his palms on the hot expanse of his back, with whispers of sweet-nothings and adoring words settling into dark hair.

It's embarrassingly obvious *just* how much Dream loves George. He's absolutely *horrid* at hiding it. And- okay, *hiding* it would be an improper descriptor.

Moreso, he *flaunts* it under the thin veil of appearing casual, simple, and not overbearing at all.

Keyword: *thin*. The veil most certainly has ripped holes in it, too.

Dream somehow manages to fail in the art of subtlety *everytime* George is within arm's length.

And with good reason, he thinks.

To be fair, he's more inclined to embed mottled purples and blues on the smaller boy's neck and collarbones, just so people know he's taken, instead of appearing nonchalant about the whole thing.

Of course, the only one who actually *sees* the hickeys are Sapnap, but that's besides the point.

His desire, *need*, to touch George, to hold him, every second of the day results in 'obnoxious' and 'excessive' PDA, as so brilliantly labeled by Sapnap. He had smacked Dream in the back of the head a few days prior for trying to quote-unquote 'shove his tongue down George's throat' while they swapped stream ideas.

In Dream's defense, the boy had been snugly pressed up against his side on the couch. Heat had

practically *radiated* from his body and seeped into Dream's bones, as if welcoming him home.

George was *right there*, close enough to swaddle in his arms and pull into his lap.

So close, in fact, he figured it wouldn't hurt to press a kiss to the top of his head. He did it as Sapnap's focus shifted to his laptop screen from the armchair across from them. At least *one* of them was taking notes on their ideas. Dream made it chaste, and pulled away before being noticed.

But, Dream will admit he's a weak man.

A *very* weak man.

So, the kisses he stole each time Sapnap looked away gradually became more frequent, more intimate, more *needy*. That is, until George decided to cup Dream's jaw, yank him forward, and slip his bottom lip between ivory teeth and *tug*.

And it was humiliating, just how fast Dream melted. There was something dangerous, *devious*, in the glint of George's eyes when his canines dug into reddened, plump flesh. Dream had flushed brilliantly in response, unable to suppress the whimper that crawled out of his throat.

Again, he's a weak, weak man. *Only for George*.

Needless to say, Sapnap had heard it, whipping his head up and accusing *Dream* of the face-sucking, because of course he did. George just laughed in his face after Sapnap abruptly slammed his laptop shut, stood up, and *whacked* the back of Dream's head, all before saying, "*Next time we try to come up with ideas, I'm gonna need you to sit on the fucking floor. At least ten feet away. I never want to see you trying to shove your tongue down George's throat ever again. Capiche?*" He fixed them with a stern glare before turning heel.

Just as he disappeared down the hallway, his voice echoed off the walls from his room, "*And we're using my idea, by the way!*"

Dream, still warm in the face, had exasperatedly shouted back, "*You got that idea from me, asshole!*"

Then George- lovely, annoying, bright, *snarky* George- simply keeled and laughed in his face.

But it was okay. *Dream* was okay.

Because he had his arms hooked around George's narrow shoulders and the lingering taste of cherry chapstick on his tongue.

His lips fought back a smile as he watched the love of his life snicker at his expense. Dream just let out an exaggerated sigh and relented to his love, pulling George closer to him. His chuckles died on the flushed tanned skin where he'd shoved his face.

It had sent goosebumps up the blond's arms.

If Dream focuses enough, he can almost *feel* the phantom kiss George had pressed into the crux of his collarbone. It had been tentative, maybe a bit fleeting.

Almost as if he didn't want Dream to know he planted it. Like the peck was more for himself than it was for Dream.

A subtle, yet suiting display of affection.

Cute.

And Dream is recalling this event *now*, two days later, because it marked the last time he'd properly held George. Granted, it's only been a few days since then, but it still feels like his heart has been chipped at the corner.

Not overly deformed, or even cracked, just... *incomplete* . There's something missing, and it's George's body between his arms.

The reason is that they'd all been busy.

Very busy.

Most of Dream's waking hours for the past two days have been spent staring daggers into the glare of his monitor, mindlessly editing upcoming videos, getting lost in the rhythm. It gave him a particularly horrible migraine the other day, which was intense but brief, thank *god*.

Sapnap committed to a 24 hour-long Valorant stream with Punz, and he's currently recovering by sleeping the day away. If Dream listens hard enough, he's sure he'd be able to hear his snoring.

And George had his own share of videos to edit, but, given his track-record of prolonged procrastination, he strangely hasn't visited Dream once.

He'd be lying if he says he isn't disappointed.

In fact, the most intimate gestures Dream has managed to snatch were a few chaste kisses in the hallway and a brief hug at the base of the stairs. They've also seen each other in passing, of course, while grabbing food or water. When they had crossed paths those few times, there was always a sort of mutual understanding that they were both swamped with tedious work, given the twin bags under their eyes.

Dream had acknowledged this yesterday morning, chuckling as he heated up a mug of tea, saying, *"You make everything look so cute. God, I hate you."*

The endearment in his tone said otherwise.

George just raised an eyebrow, standing so perfect in baggy clothes and tousled hair with his back against the counter, sweater paws cupping a mug of hot chocolate.

"What?"

The *plop* of a teabag into hot water reverberated in their ears.

"Mm, hold on, I'll show you," Dream murmured, voice still heavy with the tendrils of sleep.

And if George blushed at the gritty, deepened way he spoke, that was between him and himself.

Dream eventually turned around and reached out a hand, gently tapping his index finger just beneath George's left lower lid, where the soft skin was a tad swollen.

"These things. They look cute on you, but they're supposed to look bad on people. You only get 'em when you're tired."

"'These things'. You know they're called eye bags, right, idiot?" The way George slightly cocked his hip to the left did not go unnoticed.

Sassy.

In response, Dream looped his arm around George's back, careful to not slosh his tea or the hot chocolate.

"In my defense, I just woke up." His mouth split into a toothy grin.

George fixed him with a deadpan stare.

"That's crazy! Wow! I'm sure you're the only one who just woke up! Nobody else, ever." Sarcasm seeped out of his words. He sent a halfhearted punch to Dream's chest, rolling his eyes as he started laughing that wheezy, breathy laugh of his, and said, *"Shut up, oh my god, go back to your room, Dream. Bye."*

Then he disappeared upstairs again.

It was the most Dream's seen of his sunshine, and it sends an ache through his core at the thought.

The chip in his heart pleads with him to fill its empty space. And, as established, Dream is a weak man.

It takes mere minutes to give into his sudden urge to stream.

His fans and watchers can never perfectly fill the dent in his chest like George can, but it would be a good distraction, nonetheless. Dream fiddles with some settings of his display, moving tabs around to his liking and opening Twitch. The room is still and silent, other than the hum of his A.C. unit and the gentle whir of his pc.

Dream considers how tired he is, and the fact that he doesn't necessarily have a plan.

He logs out of his main account.

It's an alt stream kind of night. Nearly midnight, room bathed in a soft blue glow from the monitors, body swathed in loose sweats and a worn tee, a comfy, homely atmosphere. It's missing something- *someone*- but Dream breathes nice and slow.

It'll do for now.

Shuffling his mouse a bit, he steels himself before he hits the 'Go Live' button, idly waiting for people to filter in. It's always a bit awkward at the beginning, but he gives a warm greeting to the stream anyway.

"Hi, everyone," he welcomes, observing his viewer count climb and chat fill up. "Sorry this is so out of nowhere, but, I mean, I finished my editing and was kinda bored so I figured I'd just do an alt stream."

His shoulders click as he stretches them over his head, wringing his neck a few times to get situated.

"Don't really have a, uh, plan for this stream, but I think I'll start with Geoguessr and go from there," he continues, causing the chat to burst in approval and understanding.

Dream smiles a bit.

"Also, heads up that donations are off for today. Might read some stuff in chat later, though, I think."

He boots up Geoguessr in a new tab, swinging a leg from under his desk to tuck beneath himself. It's a bit awkward, given how long his limbs are, but once he settles, it's comfortable enough.

For about an hour, Dream languidly plays Geoguessr, voice lowered to a hushed, soft tone. It fits the warmth in his chest. There's a lot of people commenting on how he sounds, which isn't surprising. He takes a pause between games to sift through chat a bit, answering a few random questions here and there.

They're all simple questions, with simple answers. It's a simple kind of night.

Yet, he finds himself hesitating at the next one he reads off.

“Where's Sapnap and George'? Oh, uhm,” Dream absentmindedly rubs the back of his neck, “pretty sure Sapnap's sleeping. I think I can hear him snoring through the walls.” He chuckles a bit, leaning back in his chair. The stiff joints creak in mild protest. “He was really tired from that 24 hour stream, if you guys watched it. Took a lot outta him, so he's been sleeping the day away.”

It's strange, when his mouth gums up after he finishes.

He feels oddly apprehensive to talk about George.

The internet knew he had moved in, of course. There was no hesitation in teasing their fans with meager *slivers* of photos and cryptic, vague tweets. They dropped the bomb the night after he and George had fallen asleep on the couch for the first time together.

Where they'd confessed secrets, where they'd melted into one another, where they'd found happiness .

What the internet does *not* know, is that he's in love with George.

And that George wants him back.

And that they kiss and cuddle and hold each other and mark each other's necks.

Okay, well, maybe they suspect it a *little* .

He doesn't do a very thorough job of masking his adoration on streams, and, in a unique, fitting way, neither does George.

He clears the sand from his throat and forces himself to continue, "And George is... I think he's also sleeping? I don't, uhm, really know." The chat *explodes*, yelling and blaring that he should go get him and make him join stream. "Guys, it's like, one a.m- I can't just go wake George up."

The chat whizzes past at an increased speed,

"No, no, it's not that I don't *want* him here. If I could, I'd get him, but he's been, um, having trouble sleeping lately and I'd rather not bother him," Dream reaffirms.

There's a flurry of frowny emotes.

"Don't worry, don't worry, I'll force George to be on my next stream, okay?"

"Wha' 'bout me?"

Dream *jumps* in his seat, letting out a clipped yelp at the sound of a voice from the door where it had opened a crack.

He recognizes the eyes that peer through it.

"*George!* Oh my *god* never do that to me again, Jesus *fucking* Christ," the blond breaths, soothing his erratic heart with a fist to his chest. He rubs over his sternum in furious circles as the adrenaline spike slowly filters through his bloodstream.

And George, of course, lets out the softest , sleepest , *loveliest* giggles at that. "It w's kinda funny, the way you flew outta th' seat." A yawn halts his speech, a curled-up fist rubbing at his eye- the

friction leaves a tint of rose in its wake. It's clear he'd been lazing in bed for quite some time.

So fucking cute.

Dream can taste his heart on the back of his tongue as he sweeps his gaze appreciatively over George's figure.

He's standing there, peering in under the archway of the door frame. He's in his stupidly cute, oversized smile hoodie and fuzzy socks, hood pulled up snugly around his ears. He looks comfy.

Viridian irises drift lower. Dream almost chokes on his spit.

His legs are bare.

Miles of smooth, pale limbs out on display for his appreciative view, thin and spindly, yet so, so soft-looking.

God.

Dream's hand twitches around his mouse as his mind involuntarily paints the image of gripping, *pressing*, little indents into his stupidly perfect skin. He wonders how much they'd bruise. Because if the skin there is anything like the delicate expanse of his neck, Dream thinks he'd mar it beautifully with curious teeth and lips.

There's a stutter on his next inhale as he imagines searing his touch onto those sharp hips and curved waist, bringing his tongue to the dip of his belly and sucking marks into pristine alabaster, trailing down, down, until-

"Dream."

George interrupts him, a flustered expression on his face. The tips of his ears are tinged a brilliant red.

Oh.

Clearly, Dream hadn't been discreet with his ogling.

He's got it so fucking bad.

"You're *live*," George reminds him gently in a loud whisper, shifting his weight heel to heel.

The blond hastily blinks the intrusive thoughts away, taking a deep, rattling breath before tearing his gaze from George's figure.

"Right! Sorry, guys, give- give me a sec," is all he manages to say before muting. He swivels his chair to face the doorway, positive that his chat is erupting in all sorts of variations of George's name.

"Hey, stranger," Dream says, snidely watching as George tries to rid away his ruffled appearance with little success. Both arms of his, laden in black, loose sleeves, come up to cross his chest.

An accusing eyebrow is thrown upwards in silent question, a bit mockingly. "Oh, so you've decided you're done eye-fucking me?"

Dream sputters at that. Now it's *his* turn to feel embarrassed.

"Was, uhm, was I that obvious...?"

"*Obvious?* Dream, you were eyeing me up and down like I was a piece of *meat*," George exasperates. Despite his frustrated demeanor, a small smile still tilts his pink lips upwards.

Dream scoffs and rolls his chair off the plastic mat on the floor, hitting carpet and dragging to halt just in front of George. He looks up to meet his eyes.

"Can you blame me? I mean, *look* at you."

As he says this, two corded hands rise to rest at the dip of George's waist, squeezing the flesh that's laden in midnight cottony fabric.

George emits a soft gasp at the contact. A rush of satisfying heat flies through Dream's stomach at the sound.

"Plus I'd say you're more like... a full-course meal, rather than a piece of meat," Dream comments, tugging George closer to stand between parted knees.

"You're such an idiot, Dream." He says this with a sheepish grin.

"And *you're* such a cutie."

Brown eyes roll in their sockets. The hands just above the jut of his hip bones apply a bit more pressure, and George airily laughs.

Dream wants to hear more of it.

So, of course, the squeeze increases, and additional pinches prod into the softness of his sides. George full-on *erupts* in high-pitched laughs, squirming away from the offending fingers.

"Stop it! *Stop, stop*, oh my *g-god!* That *tickles*, you- you- "

"-handsome man?" Dream cuts him off between giggles, "Amazing friend-but-more-than-that? Perfect? Sexy? Wonderful?"

"- you're still *streaming!*" George manages to squeak the rest out as Dream lets up his touches.

A raspberry escapes between Dream's lips at that. "So? They can wait. You're more important to me, anyway." His palms flatten and drag themselves southwards, *finally* grazing the plushness where his thighs peek from the hem of his sweater.

The two contrast beautifully- paper-based skin on a backplash of onyx fabric.

“Careful, Dream. I don’t think Twitter’s gonna like that one,” George jokingly warns. He can’t help but lean into the caress of Dream’s finger pads, right where they rest at the tops of his thighs. They’re slightly calloused, but still soft, tentative, and caring.

“Oh, come on, as if they don’t know already,” Dream says. He scooches forward til he’s precariously balancing on the edge of his seat, just so he can get close enough to wrap his arms around the brunet’s torso. His face unabashedly buries itself into the warm cloth at George’s chest, squeezing tight where his arms hold on so dearly.

Paradise makes itself known once more.

Dream lets loose a content sigh.

“Missed this,” he murmurs, voice muffled in the fabric against his face. “Missed *you*.”

He feels, rather than *sees*, George’s hand come up to sift through his hair, petting his scalp and combing generously through knots. The other rubs loving circles into the place where his shoulder and neck meet. It then smooths down the planes of his back, and Dream’s breath catches in his throat at the overwhelming haze of safety and comfort in the air.

“You’re so dumb. It’s been, like, two days,” George laughs.

“Mm,” Dream hums as he nuzzles a little more firmly into George’s chest, “too long.”

There’s a stretch of silence, and the two thrive in it while they can. It’s not awkward, or boring, or unsettling. Rather, it’s consoling- saturated with domestic solace that easily settles over their limbs and soaks their brains in opaque bliss.

Perfect.

Eventually, Dream breaks the tranquility, despite every cell in his body protesting the departure from his temporary home in George’s warmth. He lifts his eyes once more to find half-lidded,

content ones.

“Why’d you come down here in the first place? You haven’t visited me at all, so why now?”

George ponders this and runs his fingers a little more firmly through blond hair. “Jus’ wanted to see you, I guess. You’ve been busy and I didn’t wanna bother you ‘cause I know you get super focused and stuff. Also it looked like you were having a rough Geoguessr day, so I thought I’d take pity and come down here to help.”

Joy-spiked adrenaline shoots through Dream’s chest at the thought of them streaming together. Side by side. Brushing elbows. Being close enough to touch.

Too good of an offer to pass up.

“How *generous* of you, George,” Dream replies. “You can play with me for a bit if you want.” He pulls back and unloops his arms, glancing around the interior of his room. *Oh*.

“I, um, don’t have another chair, though.”

But George doesn’t seem to mind.

Instead, he simply shrugs his shoulders and confidently replies with, “I’ll just sit on your lap,” like it’s the most obvious thing in the world.

Dream’s eyes- predictably- widen at this, a bit surprised by his forwardness.

George just lifts a questioning eyebrow. “What? We only have one mic here anyway, so being far apart won’t sound good on stream. It’ll be easier to pick up my voice if I’m in your lap.” He pauses to smirk. “Plus, you act as if you *don’t* want me to sit on you.”

Dream sputters a bit, struggling to find the correct words as the phrase ‘*sit on you*’ forms a different sort of image in his head. One that he can’t seem to shake as easily as he’d hoped.

A few uneven breaths leave his nose before he tries to speak again. “No! Uh, no, it’s totally fine. I, uhm, don’t mind, at *all*, actually.”

His face is definitely on fire.

With a cough and grumble directed toward himself, Dream uses the soles of his feet to push the gaming chair back towards the desk before outstretching his arms in a silent gesture to come closer.

“C’mere, Georgie.”

Luckily, said man complies (not without a roll of his eyes and a scoff at the nickname) and shuffles forward, bumping his shins against Dream’s knees.

He unceremoniously turns to face away and sits down with a *plop*, hood falling down as he angles himself so as to not block Dream’s view of the screen. Almost instinctively, a tanned arm coils around George’s back to give him support, which, in turn, causes him to lean more weight onto his left shoulder.

Dream feels his heart flutter against the cage of his ribs when George fully melts into his embrace, pleased noises escaping on every exhale.

They fit together perfectly, albeit with some awkward, lanky limbs here and there.

“This okay?” Dream asks softly, just to be sure.

He receives a nod and a smile.

The chair is pushed to fit snugly against the desk once more, laps and legs tucked underneath. Dream disconnects his headset where it’s situated around his neck and sets it aside, running a hand through his hair to tame it down after George’s ministrations had mussed it up.

“Does it look stupid?” he asks, trying and failing to check his reflection in his monitor. Too bright.

George snickers a bit, pulls back, and messes with it a little, brushing some fringe aside and moving a strand or two. He considers it for a moment. “Not any stupider than usual.”

Like the puppy he is, Dream pouts a little; bottom lip jutting out in mock sadness. “Ouch, that hurts, Georgie. Can’t believe you’d say something like that to me, when all I’ve done is call you cute and pretty and wonderful and- ”

“*Stop*, oh my *god*, shut up and just- just unmute and get on with the stream already.”

“Nuh-uh,” Dream tuts, right hand unhurriedly tipping George’s jaw to look at him. “You gotta kiss it better before I unmute.”

Another eye roll. Playful lightheartedness glints off the blacks of George’s pupils.

“You’re insufferable.”

But, of course, he leans in anyway, slipping his eyes shut and pressing their lips together. Sparks zip behind closed lids.

He means for it to be brief and light, but *clearly*, Dream has different plans, with the way he suddenly brings his right hand to *grip* the thigh draped across his lap. George fails to suppress the breathy moan that bubbles up his throat at the firm contact, because *god*, did it feel *good*.

Calloused against soft, broad against thin, tan against pale. Asymmetrical perfection.

At the part of chewed lips, Dream easily slips his tongue into George’s mouth, breathing shaky as he tries to suppress the overwhelming elatedness of being able to hold his love again. But it’s difficult, when George makes the *loveliest* noise in his chest as their tongues brush, saliva mixing and coating their lips in a slippery sheen.

Dream presses a little harder, tilting his head to deepen the kiss. He can’t restrain himself, not when the love of his life is squirming in his lap, slipping moans down his throat- being *saccharine* and *desirable* and *pliant*.

A shudder licks up Dream's spine.

But, his eyes catch on the glare of his monitor, where the chat zips by at a rapid rate. People are starting to get concerned.

With one last squeeze to George's thigh and a nip to his lower lip, Dream painfully rips himself away, pulling back to stare into needy, half-lidded eyes. There's a dull, aching knock against his chest at the sight.

"S-sorry, George. Didn't, uh, mean to take it that far."

The brunet blinks a few times to clear his head of lingering fog, wiping spit-slicked lips with the back of his hand. Dream watches the movement with rapt attention. "S'okay. I liked it."

"Obviously," Dream huffs. "Come on, then. I think people are starting to suspect we died, or something."

"*Or something*," George parrots, accompanied by a snort of laughter. "'Sorry guys, we were just busy licking each other's uvulas! Lost track of time!'"

Dream just gapes back at him. "*George!*"

This is enough to send the Brit into a laughing fit, the force of his giggles strong enough to bounce his shoulders. And Dream is unable to resist joining in when he hears George's infectious laugh—his favorite sound in the world.

It takes a bit, but soon their laughs teeter out into gentle accumulations of amusement, cognizant enough to calmly return their focus to the monitors.

With one last side-glance at the boy in his lap, Dream shifts forward, hitting the button to unmute on his mic.

The left arm circled around George's waist pulls their bodies snug together, chest to side, before he starts. A light flush creeps up his chest as George returns the gesture, slinging his right arm over Dream's shoulders.

A wary smile envelopes his apology when he finds his voice, "Hiii, I'm back- well, uh- *we're* back, I guess. Sorry about the wait, everyone, and for making you all worry. George, uh, needed help with something."

"What? I did *not*," George tries, but Dream moves on without an acknowledgement.

"Anyway, long story short, George is gonna be playing some Geoguessr with me."

Predictably, the chat goes absolutely *crazy*- flying a million miles per second, hardly readable to the naked eye. "Okay, alright, c'mon, guys, calm down. He's not *that* great."

George's jaw drops, and he smacks Dream's shoulder furthest from himself with a flat palm. It wasn't hard enough to hurt, but firm enough to send a clear message. "That's *definitely* not what you said five minutes ago."

Faltering, Dream goes silent for a moment. He's at a loss, trying to recall what exactly it is he said.

George takes the opportunity to continue.

"What was the phrase you used...?" He mockingly taps his index against his chin, visibly enjoying Dream's sudden stumble into uncertainty. "Ah! Got it. Chat, listen to this one. He said, and I quote, '*George, you're more like a full-cours-* '"

"*Cute! That's* what I said. I called him a *cutie*, alright?" Dream quickly interjects, placing a reprimanding grip back on a pale thigh in silent warning. And George just *snickers*, devilishly, right in his ear.

The chat to the right of his monitor is bursting at the seams, dozens of '*clip it!*'s and '*full-course what?!?!?*'s flying past at alarming speed.

“Aw, *look*, Dream, they wanna know what I was gonna say. You’re such a bully, *wow*, can’t believe you hate your fans so much,” George pauses to take in the disgruntled furrow of Dream’s brow. “Chat, do you just want me to tell you, since Dream’s being a meanie?”

“*No!* No no no no no. *George*, I will take your speaking privileges away,” Dream warns, hand returning to hover over the mute button. Another high-pitched laugh leaves George’s mouth.

“How’re you gonna do that when I can just reach over and- *boop*- turn the mic back on, *idiot?*” he retorts, scooching forward towards the desk in a wordless challenge. “I’m not in London anymore, or did you forget already?”

Dream *clicks* his tongue a few times against the roof of his mouth, almost reprimanding as it reverberates in George’s ear.

“Yeah, I know. Which is why I can do *this!*”

Without warning, Dream wraps both arms around the brunet’s torso, hearing him let out a surprised yelp as the limbs *squeeze* to yank his body back towards his chest. Air leaves George’s lungs in a rush, hands flying down to grip the forearms criss-crossed protectively just below his sternum.

The chat is clearly confused; question marks and surprised emotes filling the screen that’s no longer in reach.

George struggles for only a moment, wriggling and squirming against the firmness of Dream’s grip, but it only causes Dream to tug him closer. He relents after a few seconds, bonelessly melting into the line of Dream’s chest.

“*Dreamm*, let *go*,” he whines, throwing his head back dramatically to rest on Dream’s shoulder.

He fidgets a few more times in his lap, twisting and turning, grinding right down against- *oh*.

For a moment, Dream almost forgets where they are, as the vibrations and inclination of George’s words, combined with the subtle twitching of his lower half, shoot a line of fire straight through his stomach, pooling dangerously low.

His body stills.

Shit.

He truly *is* a weak man.

With utmost care, he sucks a deep breath in, just to calm himself, before smoothing his hands down George's stomach to interlock loosely at the crease of his thighs, holding him still.

The man in his lap seems to realize something's wrong, picking his head up to shoot a questioning look.

And Dream just offers a sheepish smile in return, leaning in to whisper against the shell of his ear, out of range of the mic,

"You're kinda, uh, turning me on a bit, babe."

Hot breath grazes the sensitive skin where the words filter, and George visibly *shivers*- face flushing a deepened wine-red color.

"*Oh,*" is all he can muster, subtly squeezing his thighs together because- what can he say- Dream's words (and the pet name, *god*, the *pet name*) are *hot*- in a weird, maybe fucked-up way, since they're currently live in front of thousands of people.

In the most casual-way possible, Dream clears his throat to dilute the tension in the air. The viewers are getting confused again.

"S-Sorry, guys, we think our internet kinda got fucked up for a few seconds or so. We fixed it, though, so everything should be good now." It's a flimsy excuse, but the chat seems to buy it, simply delighted to hear Dream's voice again.

"Alright, George. Ready to get your ass beat in Geoguessr?"

At the sound of a direct challenge, George's eyes come back into focus, huffing indignantly. "I thought we were playing *together*, dumbass. And, if anything, *you'd* be the one getting the ass-beating."

With a roll of his eyes, Dream shakes the mouse to wake his monitor back up, navigating back towards the game. "That's just not true, but *fine*, we'll play together, I *guess*."

George gives him a weak slap on the wrist still around his waist, but it's ignored in favor of focusing on the green, mountainy countryside waiting to be identified on the screen.

From there, it's fairly easy to fall into the rhythm of the game, nighttime further falling upon their interlocked bodies. It feels fairly similar to their usual alt-streams, but there's a heightened level of softness to their tones when they speak, when they bicker, when they laugh.

And, of course, the fact that George is stationed right in Dream's lap, instead of an ocean away.

It's comforting to know he's *here*.

To know that anytime Dream feels inclined, he can slip his fingers teasingly under the hem of George's shirt to brush against the softness of his belly, to feel the way his muscles jump under his touches, to reassure himself that George is *alive* and *warm* and *real*.

"Does th's technically count as another 'Memes wit' Dream" special?" George breaks the silence in-between rounds, a yawn bringing tear pricks to the corners of his eyes.

And, as what usually happens, Dream tries to start his reply, but gives a contagious yawn as well, jaw opening wide to accommodate the stretch.

George giggles softly. "That means you love me, right?"

The yawn finally ceases, and Dream laughs breathily against the slope of George's neck.

“You’re an idiot.”

“Psh, they’re your words, n’t mine.” George angles his body a bit more against Dream’s chest, so he can tuck his head in the junction of his right shoulder.

There’s another puff of warm air against the blond’s skin, sending hair pin-straight down the expanse of both arms.

Dream’s voice is gritty yet loving as he says, “Still an idiot.”

He gets a tut in response, and they share a groggy laugh before languidly playing through the next round without much thought. After a few minutes, however, Dream notices that George’s quips have slowed remarkably, simply suggesting countries every other turn instead of engaging in Dream’s attempts to banter.

The rise and fall of his chest relaxes to a moderate pace, breaths against Dream’s collarbone turning deep and methodical. It’s a sudden change, and Dream grows more and more skeptical as minutes pass.

He figures he should check his suspicions, so he queues George to engage by asking a question, “I’m thinking this one’s probably Russia. George, what do you think?”

There’s a beat of silence.

Dream can feel the lethargic flutter of his dark lashes against his skin, just above the collar of his tee. There’s the sound of George wetting his lips, raising his head a bit to speak.

“I d’nno, um, mmph... you’re prolly right, I th’nk...”

Dream frowns.

Because there’s French writing, bold and clearly painted on the side of a bakery in the town they’re viewing. George would be able to recognize it easily, unless...

Ah.

The feeling of George's eyes slipping close is distinct where he rests. Dream jostles him a bit with a light bounce of his shoulder, cupping his face with a palm to loll his neck and look at him directly.

Sure enough, there's a hazy glaze fogging up George's normally bright, perceptive eyes, focusing and unfocusing at a rapid rate, unable to stay locked on Dream's face.

Hurriedly, Dream mutters, "Hold on chat, be right back," and turns off his mic.

His thumb strokes soothingly along the crest of George's cheek, leaning in close so he can whisper and still be heard.

"Hey, George, you okay, baby?"

There's an uneven breath, and George's lids continuously slip open and shut. "I... I th'nk ..." He trails off and frowns, briefly locking his gaze with Dream's worried eyes.

"Can't... st'y 'wake... Dr'mie..."

Dream simply nods, understanding. It's obvious he's having a sleep attack.

"Yeah. C'mon, you can sleep on my bed, 'kay?"

As he goes to slip his right arm under George's knees, presumably to lift him up, there's a clipped whine of protest, loose fist clenching the fabric of Dream's shirt.

"Nnh, no... c'n I... st'y h're? Wit' you...?" George pleads breathily, words slurring together.

And, of course, Dream's weak, *weak*, in-love heart *melts*. There's no way he could say no to

George, especially when he gets adorably sleepy like this. His mind is made up before he has the chance to *think*, let alone weigh his options.

Dream hesitantly glances back to his stream. He isn't quite tired yet, and wouldn't mind entertaining the viewers for a while more.

"Alright, but I'll have to tell them you went back to your room to sleep, yeah? Gonna need you to stay quiet," Dream explains, lifting and turning George to face him more. He'd rather him sleep with their fronts pressed together, so he can have easier access to his setup. "Stay awake for a sec more if you can, George. Need your help."

He lets out an affirmative noise in response, albeit muffled.

"Can you get your leg over my- there you go."

A bit clumsily, George manages to turn himself completely around in Dream's lap, slinging his arms around his torso and tucking his feet through the holes of the armrests.

Their chests sidle together as well as their hearts, one racing and one sluggish with sleep.

George is out immediately after he digs his nose into Dream's neck, warmth and contentment lulling him into unconsciousness. With a sigh, Dream relishes the intimate position for a few moments, before toeing the chair flush against the desk again, mindful to not dig it into George's lower back.

He pets his lover's back soothingly through the thick material of his sweatshirt, pressing a small, indulgent kiss to the side of his head just as he unmutes.

"Hey, I'm back," he says hushedly, careful to not startle the man on his shoulder. The chat welcomes him back, and Dream feels a rush of joy race through his veins. "George went to bed, sorry you all didn't get to say goodbye. He was practically falling asleep on m- I mean, on, uhm, on the, uh, on his chair."

Dream cringes at the way he stutters, but breathes a sigh of relief when nobody questions it. He doesn't doubt Twitter will be all over that shit, though, picking apart the way his words stuck to the roof of his mouth and slipped out jagged as rocks.

But he's calm for now, and all that matters is George is *his*, in *his* lap, in *his* arms.

The smile that pulls Dream's lips skywards is involuntary, but welcomed.

"Well, let's get back to the game, then."

Dream plays for another half-hour or so, his commentary low and airy, bringing his mic closer so he doesn't have to speak as loud. George's breaths are high-pitched and heavy where they fall upon tan, freckled skin, his hands migrating inwards to fist Dream's shirt at his chest. The heart beneath his fingertips stutters.

The sleeping boy makes little noise during this time, other than the occasional soft snore, that can easily be passed off as background noise or Patches under the desk.

It's tranquil. It's wonderful. It's excitedly secretive.

Only *George* is his little secret, tucked away from the public- his and his *alone*. And maybe Dream is being a tad bit selfish, but it's a selfishness he's willing to admit to as long as George stays in his embrace.

It's after around the 45 minute mark of playing by himself that George begins to stir.

Usually, he sleeps deeply and restfully, hardly moving around, especially during his attacks. This time, though, there seems to be a dream behind his lids that propel the twitches and spasms that wrack through his body; involuntary and unexpected.

Dream attempts to soothe him by slipping his free hand beneath the smile hoodie, running a palm along the warm bumps of his spine and shoulder blades. A few shivers shake the boy's body at the light touches, but the abrupt jolts gradually stop.

He considers it a success. His palm remains on his lower back, just in case he starts up again, of course.

“Wow, I’ve been streaming for... almost four hours, *geez*,” Dream comments, taking a break from the game he’d gotten lost in.

He was playing some sort of fifty-states quiz, which was supposed to test how well he knew where each border lay. It was frustratingly difficult, but he couldn’t let himself get mad, lest he wake George. So, after failing for the third time consecutively, Dream felt his anger mounting dangerously close to verbalizing it, which led him to pull back and calm down.

A bit absentmindedly, Dream instead fills time by doing another short Q&A with the chat, even going as far as to scroll through Twitter to answer some about their living situation.

Just as he starts to delve deep into a particularly detailed answer about the layout of their house, his focus is abruptly *shattered*, when a distressed noise slips from the mouth creased in his neck.

Dream chokes on his words, spluttering a bit to make it seem like the sound came from *him*, instead of the dozing boy in his arms.

It works, and Dream proceeds with his answer, nonchalant as can be, rubbing George’s back reassuringly.

But then it happens *again*.

This time, the noise is high-pitched; less distressed and more *needy*. It’s not as loud, *thank god*, so Dream doesn’t have to cover it up, but it *is* still slightly worrying. He’s also started fidgeting again, hands curling and uncurling where they fist Dream’s shirt, legs squeezing around his hips in small, uncontrolled spasms, breathing growing heavier and more ragged with each exhale.

The hand along his back doesn’t seem to be doing much good, anymore. Maybe it even *encourages* the restlessness, as each time it drifts across George’s spine, the twitches seemingly grow violent.

Dream’s about to mute again, so he can soothe George’s supposed nightmare and finally put him in bed, but then he *feels* it.

Feels the way George’s lower half ruts forwards against his own in cute, disorderly thrusts. *Feels* the way his mouth dribbles drool onto the hot skin of Dream’s shoulder, disrupted by small whines

and needy breaths.

Feels the sharp, distinct prod of *something* hard against the planes of his stomach.

Dream's breath hitches.

Oh, fuck.

He can't help when his jaw drops, face ruby-red and scalding under the realization that George is definitively *not* having a nightmare.

"George," Dream whispers urgently into his ear, testing to see if he can break through the fog barricading the brunet's mind.

If anything, it just makes George *more* vocal.

Now, Dream feels himself panicking a bit, not knowing if he should let him continue or halt his movements instead. All he knows is that George's needy, desperate pace increases the longer he lets it go on, whines threatening to melt into full-blown moans.

As quickly as he can, Dream leans forward, muting the mic before reaching with a hand to comb through chocolate-brown hair.

"George, baby, wake up for me, *please*," he mutters desperately, trying to stall the boy's frantic grinds with a firm hand at his hip, digging into flesh with vice. It doesn't rouse him fully, but instead a few incoherent words slide off his tongue like hot magma.

"*Uhn...*" George grits out, gasping as his hips meet resistance. "P-Pl'se... *mph...* Dr'm..."

There's a sort of anxiety brewing in the pit of Dream's stomach when he feels unintentional arousal zip down his spine at George's sleep-drenched pleads. He doesn't blame himself, given the situation, but there's still *guilt*.

Because although they're clearly both attracted to one another, emotionally *and* physically, they've never gone past 'heavy-petting', so to say.

And Dream respected George, more than anything.

He'd never forgive himself if the love of his life just straight up came in his pants, on *Dream's* lap, all while unable to consent or let alone be *conscious* for it. He bites his lip, feeling the telltale, involuntary signs of his body reacting.

Just when he thinks George is done babbling nonsense into his shoulder, one last word is whined, dripping with sensuality and more cohesiveness than any of his other attempts to speak.

"*Clay...*"

His heart stops.

Oh god, fuck fuck fuck fuck-

There's a distinctive *twitch* in his boxers, because *fuck*, if that isn't the hottest way he's ever heard his name uttered.

Dream throws his head back with a strangled groan to stare bullet holes into the ceiling, as if trying to bargain with God at the mere threat of his gaze, because *this isn't fucking fair at all*. He's starting to feel trapped and uncomfortable in his sweats, shaky breathing gradually picking up its rate as another wave of guilt crashes over him.

George's hips jerk forward again with a muffled moan, and Dream can't help but hiss from between gritted teeth at the friction. His own muscles struggle to stay still, fighting the urge to chase the meager amounts of relief.

God, his limit is being pushed, *hard*.

There's the sudden feeling of cracks splitting down his composure, threatening to collapse in on itself at any moment.

That moment comes sooner than expected.

His resolve shatters, messy and serrated like broken glass, when another sensual slip of his name cuts through the air.

Before he knows it, he's abruptly grasping at George's shoulders, pushing him up and away, despite his body craving the opposite. The unanticipated movement shocks George into semi-awareness, eyes cracking open just *barely*, delirious, half-lidded gaze clouded with lust and sleep.

"*Hahh... pl-pl'se, Cl'y... help mm- me...*" the words are sluggish and slurred, *barely* decipherable.

He keeps grinding against the flats of Dream's stomach, mindlessly pursuing any pleasure he finds. Uncoordinated hands paw at his sides and chest with vigor.

He's clearly still stuck halfway in his unconscious state of mind, with the lack of recognition on his face or shame in his actions.

"G-George, babe, slow down," Dream tries.

There's no response, other than a fresh whimper and a tug at swollen lips.

With a surge of determination, Dream exhales harshly- bringing both palms to lovingly cup George's cheeks and tilt his head to make eye contact.

The air leaves him all at once at the sight of pretty, *pretty* tears glimmering at the rim of his lower lids, at the constellation of dusted freckles across the bridge of his nose, at his long, wet lashes, clumped and dark.

God, Dream sometimes forgets *just* how gorgeous his boy is.

"*George*, look at me," he says sternly. "I wanna help you, but you've gotta wake up a bit first."

The glazed browns of George's eyes thaw slightly at this. He's still unfocused and twitchy, but it's *something*. A frown tugs at his spit-slicked lips, as if he's upset with himself, and Dream has to restrain himself from kissing it away.

The thumbs along George's cheek bones caress the pink apexes of both, encouragingly coaxing him out of slumber.

He blinks, once, *twice*, and the drowsy haze slowly seeps out of his expression. Left behind is a thick smog of lust and arousal- all for *him*. For *Dream*. And he thinks he may choke on it, with how thoroughly it saturates the air and coats his lungs.

It's the best kind of suffocation.

George's gummed-up lips sluggishly move around disoriented words, more clear than they'd been before, but still slightly confused. "D-Dr'm... *hurts*, why... wha's happ'ning," it's merely a mumble, but Dream hears him loud and clear.

"Hey, baby. You fell asleep on me, but, uh," he can't help but stutter through his speech, a hot flush of embarrassment and desire sweeping up his neck and pooling in his stomach, "you- you seemed to be having a, uh, *problem*, so I woke you up."

It takes a few seconds, but the weight of his words *finally* seem to register behind bleary doe irises.

George shuffles, glancing down between their bodies, gaze landing on where he's noticeably straining against his baggy sweatshirt. Pronounced, hard, and twitchy. The hem inches up a bit to reveal messed sleep shorts underneath, a distinct wet spot staining fabric right where his tip leaks.

And Dream gnaws on his lip at the sight.

It shouldn't be that hot, *god*, it really, *really* shouldn't be, but the thought doesn't stop the heat in his abdomen from shooting straight between his legs.

Clearly, George does *not* feel the same way about the situation.

A brilliant, mortified smear of vermillion splashes across the expanse of his face, accompanied by a humiliated noise tearing from the grasps of his throat.

“Oh, *god*, m’ sorry, *f’ck*,” the syllables clumsily tumble off George’s half-numb tongue. “I’ll j’st... *f’ck*, sorry lemme j’st- ” He instinctively goes to move away from Dream, but, overcome by striking possessiveness, two corded arms pull him flush together once more.

The sudden movement traps George’s erection between the hot press of their navels, and he *cries* out, legs jolting at the white flash of pleasure that licks up the curve of his spine.

“*Dream!*”

It’s almost a *sob*, with how violently the cry crackles through his body, seams bursting at the sudden bout of satisfying friction. Dream hurriedly soothes the quivers by running his palms up and down George’s sides rhythmically.

It’s the worst feeling, watching the man he loves so dearly suffer in any shape or form. He desperately longs to make it better, to wash his woes away with pleasure and kiss him silly.

But he can’t do that yet.

He leans in close to sear kisses up the column of his throat, landing at the lobe of his ear. “I wanna take care of you, baby, but I need to hear that you’re okay with it,” Dream whispers. “If it’s fine, then you don’t have to worry about staying fully awake. You can go back to resting on me, and I’ll make sure you feel good, yeah?”

George’s shoulders tremble as Dream’s hands move under his obstructive sweatshirt, holding his hips between selfish palms and settling just above the seam of his shorts.

Without meaning to, George circles his lower half, rutting forwards at the loving contact. He gasps, then nods frantically with his eyes sealed shut.

“Yes! Pl-Please, Dr’m, touch me... Tru-trust you, love you s’much,” he rambles, neck falling lax to dig his forehead into the ridge of Dream’s shoulder. “Love you, love you...” is repeated like a chant under his breath, nuzzling into the home of tanned skin, flush against his face.

God, he's so head over heels for this boy.

The fact that George trusts- *loves*- him enough to let Dream take care of him while he's so vulnerable... it makes Cupid's arrow nestle itself deeper into the depths of his heart.

Reassuringly, Dream kisses his neck and tugs him closer. "Okay, baby. Love you too. Give me a second."

He unmutes to announce the sudden ending of the stream, not even bothering to muster up a plausible excuse as to why. He can't think straight, not when George is whimpering in his ear and shaking like a leaf, hips twitching and words pitiful where they fall upon his shoulder.

Twitch announces he's offline, and he lets loose a relieved sigh.

Finally.

Dream pets up and down George's sides, hands sliding around his body and moving southwards. "You can be as loud as you want, okay? It's just us," he murmurs.

He receives an acknowledging whimper.

Dream deposits a brief nip at an exposed earlobe before sucking firm bruises into the softness of blanched skin, worrying flesh between his teeth as capillaries burst beneath his tongue.

A lovely array of mottled violet and sapphire bloom in its wake.

And George, *god*, George makes the *prettiest* sounds- gasping honeyed moans with each press of lips against skin.

The teasing hands beneath George's sweatshirt drift to cup the swell of his ass, rolling lavish flesh between his fingertips and delivering a firm *squeeze*.

George cries out, arching into the touch and rolling his hips desperately to feel *more, more, more*.

He's greedy, and Dream allows him to be. How could he not?

Yet, he notices George growing increasingly restless, the wetness of frustrated tears sliding down the cherry-stained slopes of his face, simmering hot upon contrasting tanned skin.

Worried, he says, "George, what d'you need me to do, baby?"

"*Off, off*, pl'se, D'rm, hurts..." George mumbles into his neck, reaching an unsteady hand down to tug at the elastic band of his shorts.

If Dream's face wasn't already on fire, he's sure he resembles a neon stop sign at this point. Because this is so, *so* incredibly intimate, and Dream refuses to screw it up.

He just wants to make his boy feel better, by any means possible.

"O-Okay. Gotta get them off, um, at least one leg, babe. Think you can get onto your knees?" His voice is embarrassingly unsteady, but he tries to remain composed, even as George rises shakily, the hem of his sweatshirt falling back down to mid-thigh.

Dream gets a good look at his face.

There are tear tracks cutting through the apples of his cheeks, the tip of his nose red and sniffly, both lips chewed to holy hell and back.

They're so, so *plush*, inviting, and *kissable*.

So, of course, he distracts the boy in his lap with a kiss or two. Or three. Or *four*. Because George's lips and tongue are sloppy, heady with lingering sleep and uncoordinated as Dream fervently explores his mouth.

It's Dream's turn to let a whimper escape his throat.

Tentative fingers tug down George's sleep shorts from beneath his sweatshirt (he's not wearing underwear, and Dream's sweats strain impossibly tighter when he notices), pulling them as far down his milky thighs as he can while still straddling Dream's lap.

The sound of George's length slapping wetly against the planes of his stomach echoes through the room, and he has enough sensibility to look a little shy about it.

Awkwardly, and with some fumbles here and there, the clothing item successfully slides off George's right leg, leaving it to dangle at the crease of his left knee.

It takes seconds before he's slumped back against Dream's chest, boneless.

"So pretty, baby, you're so fucking pretty," Dream assures, running his touch along the tops of his thighs, the crease of his hips, the arch of his back. He hikes the sweatshirt up a bit, so it settles along the pinch of his waist.

George shudders as his lower half is exposed to the cool air, but it only manages to make him *more* needy, eager to have those parts warmed up.

"Touch me, touch me, please, please, *please*," George rambles deliriously, practically *riding* Dream's lap in his reverie. "Wan' you, wan' you s'bad..."

Fuck, that's hot.

Dream groans, *loudly*.

Large hands find the slope of George's ass once more, kneading possessively into the muscle he finds there, pulling each cheek apart and delighting in the way George arches into it. A teasing finger dryly brushes against his entrance, circling the ring of muscle a few times just to feel him *writhe*.

"Oh, *g-god*," George chokes.

Dream feels something wet smear along his stomach, and he looks down to see just how *soaked* George's tip is- dribbling precum with each twitch of his length, dampening the thin material of Dream's tee.

It's flushed and strained, curving up from under the hiked-up hem of George's sweatshirt. Average-length, shiny, and so, *so* responsive.

Dream feels an overwhelming need to praise, to spill his heart out to the boy in his lap.

So he does.

"*Fuck*, even your cock's pretty, baby," he says, loosening the grip on his ass in favor of sliding to the front, trailing a finger up the underside from base to tip.

His body *quakes* at the minor touch, moaning unabashedly into the cloth of Dream's collar.

That same finger reaches the head, dipping into the slit and swiping through the beads of precum he finds. "*Shit*, George... love how sensitive you are, it's so hot, *so* hot. So perfect and gorgeous, can't believe you're here with me."

After slicking his palm up with some spit, Dream *finally* takes George into his hand, pumping slowly and controlled, smearing precum down and around as makeshift lube.

The response he gets is *wonderful*.

Little, cute '*ah, ah, ah*'s drip from George's lips like a leaky faucet, thighs jumping each time his thumb grazes the sensitive spot beneath his head, fists curled into sweater paws against his chest.

His hips deliver lazy, short thrusts into the warmth of Dream's palm, more on instinct than anything, given his brain has turned to sleep-drenched mush.

And Dream works him through it, whispering loving praises into the bristles of his hair and tightening his fist as he nears the head, grinding and circling around the most sensitive parts. He observes his reactions- takes note of what he likes.

He must be doing something right, with the way George babbles a mantra of, “s’good, feels *s’good*,” into the crux of his shoulder.

“What were- what were you dreaming about, George?” Dream’s question cuts through the heavy breaths and moans in the air. He feels George’s lips purse, thighs squeezing tight around Dream’s hips.

“Y-You... It w’s you,” he whines, clinging to the flimsy material of Dream’s shirt like his life depended on it.

Dream hums, and tries to play off *just* how much his body heats up at the admittal, *just* how dry his tongue goes. “What about me...?” he rasps, struggling to speak through his mounting arousal, “What was I doing that got you so worked up?”

In any normal circumstance, he wouldn’t get his answer. At least, not right away. Sober, cognizant George is reserved when it comes to saying something he may deem as ‘embarrassing’; slow to respond and quick to bite back.

But, evidently, post sleep-attack George is the opposite; mouth and mind an open, unashamed book.

“You were- ” George chokes on his answer as Dream’s hand speeds up, “y-you were... suckin’ me, *ah*, off...”

Oh.

Almost immediately, Dream is assaulted by the image of looking up at George through heavy lashes, knees painted red and purple, watching him come undone beneath the skill of his tongue- how beautifully flushed and sensitive he’d be.

Or, maybe, he’d be rough and demanding, gripping Dream’s hair between delicate fingers to *tug* at his roots.

Fuck.

That's an idea.

"Next time, what if I do that for you, baby?" Dream whispers, digging the pad of his thumb into the slit of George's head. Another drop of precum coats his fingers. "You'd like that, yeah? Me, on my knees for you? Worshipping you?"

All George manages is a small, feeble plea, hips jolting upwards.

So reactive.

Dream somehow manages to pull his lover even closer, rolling his length between a slick palm in moderate waves, mapping out his body like it's something to explore and discover.

In his mind, it certainly is.

"*Dream,*" George breathes, hands uncurling from his now wrinkled tee to drift downwards. His fumbling fingers seem to be searching for something, deliriously patting and pawing the expanse of his stomach.

Dream is confused for a moment at his actions, but doesn't have long to think on it.

Because George's hand is suddenly palming his hardness through the thin fabric of his sweats, and he goes absolutely *blank*.

Dream can't *think*, can't *breathe*.

He even swears his vision goes white for a moment. A tortuous groan rips from his chest, hand stilling where it's still situated around George's length. He takes a second to compose himself before trying his voice again.

"S-Stop, George. This is about you, okay? Let- let me take care of you, baby, don't worry about me." He feels pathetic; shaky from even the brief *graze* of George's palm.

He's got it so bad.

Spit feels like razors going down his throat when, instead of listening, George instead tries to untie the strings of his pants.

“*G-George!*” Dream chokes, grabbing his wrist and breathing hard. “What are you *doing?*”

The man in question manages to stiffen his neck enough to lift it off Dream’s shoulder. “Wan’ you t’ feel good too, Dr’mie... wit’ me...” His words are still slightly slurred, and there’s lingering clouds in his eyes, but there’s determination there, now, too. “Wanna see you, pl’s’e.”

And how can he say no, when George begs so cutely, so *nicely*.

Dream sucks in a sharp breath. He has an idea, and he hopes it works as well as it does in theory.

“Okay,” he whispers back. “Only because I love you.”

Dream’s heart squeezes when George lets out a few breathy giggles.

A light kiss is pressed to the brunet’s freckled cheek before Dream lifts his hips up, just slightly. It’s enough room to hook his free hand’s fingers in the waistband of his sweats and boxers, shuffling them both down at the same time. He tugs it just below the crease where his thighs meet hip, hissing as his erection is freed from its confines.

George gives an airy gasp.

There’s no time to process what’s going through his brain before Dream *jolts* at the feeling of slender fingers around his cock, tentatively dragging up and down.

“*Fuck.*” Dream can’t catch the expletive that slides off his tongue.

He pulses in George's loose, tentative grip, slightly embarrassed by how much he's twitching. It's hard not to, when the prettiest man in his life is touching him like this, so *intimately*. So *delicately*.

But that humiliation quickly dissolves like sugar on his lips when George murmurs, "Tha's so hot... when it does tha' 'cause of me. So cute..."

Dream *whines*.

God, it's almost *too* much.

And as much as he's reveling in the aching relief of *finally* being touched, Dream gathers courage and forces himself to pry George's weak fingers off himself.

"H-Hey, I'm gonna do something that I think'll work for both of us. But I- I need you to just relax and let me make you feel good, okay? You're still too out of it," Dream informs.

Pure, saturated adoration drips from his tone.

He's gentle with the delivery, observing as George nods in minute understanding, eyes briefly unfocusing.

Breathing hard, Dream uses his left arm to bring George's hips flush with his own, gathering a large bundle of spit at the front of his mouth before letting it drop into his already-messy palm.

"Ready?"

Dream asks, despite already knowing the answer. It's just how he is.

And George simply nods, digging his forehead back into the comfort of Dream's neck.

"Love you," George whispers.

It's the most clear his words have been so far.

He presses a small, almost unnoticeable kiss into the skin beneath his lips, as if he didn't want the blond to know he planted it.

Dream gets a rush of *deja vu*, and smiles, ever-so-slightly.

"Love you, too. So much."

So much it's almost painful.

With that, Dream tilts George's hips slightly upwards, close enough where they brush together. It pulls a startled, *lovely* gasp from the man on his shoulder.

The noise is encouraging, and Dream brings them both into a single palm; flush and wet against each other, strained pink and aching. Dozens of kisses are peppered over George's skin as his hand starts to move, gently thrusting upwards in tandem with his fist to increase the heavenly, long-awaited friction.

George straight up *moans*, gripping tight onto the broad shoulders beneath his fingertips.

The slick sound of spit on skin echoes through the room, but it's drowned out by the overwhelming sensation of *trust* and *love*; muddling up their brains and seeping saccharine energy into their bones.

Dream can't help but watch as they slide against each other, slippery and flushed, forehead resting on George's trembling shoulder.

It's *hot*, yes, yet somehow it's also symbolic, in a weird way.

A way in which they used to be so incredibly far apart; spanning over the entire Atlantic, spending *years* as friends split away from each other's sides.

And now, they're even closer than they'd thought imaginable.

Physically *and* emotionally.

Well, and sexually.

Dream labels that last part as less important, which is funny considering the fact he's currently jerking the two of them off.

He chuckles a bit, under his breath.

The amusement is short and null, however, when George begins his own sloppy hip movements, rolling up against the underside of Dream's cock. It hits him in all the right ways- feeling *velvety* and *pleasurable* and *perfect*.

Dream pants hot and fast, breath soaked up by the damp fabric of George's smile hoodie. It's slipped slightly off one shoulder, being a few sizes too big to fit properly.

Adorable, Dream thinks.

He lets his thumb circle around both their tips, dirtily mixing their precum and applying satisfying pressure just beneath the heads. George whimpers at this, his thrusts gradually speeding up, franticness evident in the way his heart hammers against Dream's.

"You're doing so good, baby," he praises, gasping out a moan as he lets his hand squeeze around their bases.

He doesn't think he'll ever forget what it feels like to be pressed up against George like this.

It's heavenly.

And, well, George *is* his nirvana, afterall.

“*Clay-* ”

The call of his name is interrupted by a feverish whine, and Dream’s cock involuntarily jumps where it’s sidled against his lover’s at the sound.

“Faster, *faster, pl’s*e,” George begs, shivers wracking up and down his limbs. “*M’close...*”

The last part is meek- barely a *breath* of words.

But it sends Dream hurdling close to the edge too, despite it not being too long since they started. And he may have been embarrassed, in another lifetime, but he can’t bring himself to feel shame in this one; not when he’s coming undone because of *George*, and *only* George.

He picks up the pace, jerking them both fast and hard, wrapping corded, tanned fingers tighter and tighter.

There’s a boiling pit of magma simmering deep below his navel, threatening to spill at any point given George keeps moaning Dream’s name in his ear like he is now.

“Oh my *god*, George, you’re so perfect, *love you so much.*”

Dream does his fair share of babbling now, too; mind blanketed in thick lust and cresting arousal.

“*Cl- Dr’mie*, I can’t- ” George cuts himself off, thighs quaking around Dream’s hips as the palm around them strokes quicker, quicker, *quicker* . ““M gonna cum, *fuck*, gonna cum- ”

George’s fingers claw at his clothed shoulders, scrabbling for purchase; something to hold onto.

In response, Dream brings his free hand away from the pale hip it’d been occupying, offering it to George to squeeze. Which he does, *immediately* . His right hand interlocks with Dream’s left, palm to palm, and holds *tight*.

“Go ahead, baby, I’ve got you, I’ve got you.”

There’s a few more uneven thrusts as George’s hips stutter out of the rhythm they’d set, jaw dropping open around a long, drawn-out cry.

Hot, salty tear droplets soak into the collar of Dream’s shirt, some dripping off George’s chin and onto his chest.

It’s like a dam is torn down and demolished, when George absolutely *crumbles* with the force of his release.

His entire body shoots rimrod-straight, tensing up and squeezing the life out of Dream’s hand, dirtying his hoodie and up his chest. Thighs quiver violently in the aftershocks, stomach muscles clenching tight, toes curling in the fuzzy socks he’d kept on.

And Dream is right there with him.

Stroking them through it, singing sweet nothings in his favorite boy’s ear, groaning long and deep as his own release creeps up on him.

George’s name falls like a prayer from his mouth, and suddenly, there’s another fresh feeling of hot release on his fingers. White stains both their clothes, stickily trailing down Dream’s knuckles as he soothes them straight through their orgasms.

Panting and exhausted, the room gradually stills around them.

Holy fuck.

They just did that.

Sweat beads at their temples, breathing hard as the highs of climaxing teeters back into normalcy. Dream gently pulls back when he realizes George’s hand is still painfully gripping his own. He haphazardly wipes his soiled palm on his own shirt before rubbing the boy’s back in repetitive circles.

“G-Georgie, you alright?”

God, his voice sounds shredded. From the sex *and* four hours of streaming.

There’s a tiny whimper, a snuffle, and the hand finally relaxes. The brunet raises his head after what feels like hours, shakily locking brown with green.

His eyes are puffy and swollen where tears had fled, lips chewed and split with drying drool at the corners, and *fuck*, it’s the most beautiful sight Dream’s ever seen. So, he can’t resist leaning in to peck the button of his nose, smiling despite himself.

George gives a small grin in return at the gesture. “‘M fine... tha’ was jus’... a lot, ‘n I’m tired,” he murmurs, heavy lids threatening to slip close.

But, still, he looks pleasantly content, and that’s all that matters.

“Alright, baby. Let me clean us up and then we can cuddle in bed, yeah?” Dream offers softly, pulling his ruined tee up and over his head. It’s flipped inside-out, so he can use it to clean their laps up a bit before tossing it aside.

George hums appreciatively. “Tha’ sounds nice...”

Groggily, he allows Dream to lift the hem of his hoodie and detangle his lanky limbs from the pool of fabric. The skin-on-skin contact is nice, and almost good enough to fall asleep to, but Dream jostles the man in his lap before he can fully sink into it.

Dream tucks himself away (a bit uncomfortably) and yanks both his boxers and sweats back up over his hips. With his arms still quivering, he hooks both hands under the joints of George’s knees, instructing him to hold on, before standing up to set him gently on the bed.

The rest happens in a domestic, post-coital blur: Dream wets a washcloth to gently clean their sweaty skin, dresses George in a fresh pair of briefs and t-shirt of his own, and finally presses them together in bed, chest-to-back.

They're spooning, and Dream has to snicker at the familiarity of it. He doesn't have it in his heart to tease George about his weird aversion to the word '*spoon*', given he was probably already out like a light, but he was amused by the thought, nonetheless.

Instead, he just fleetingly kisses the back of George's neck as sleep's tendrils gradually pull him under.

His heart feels full, warm, and decidedly *not* chipped anymore. Because the missing piece is right here, in his arms, where it should be.

Perfectly placed, alive, and *his*.

He wants to marry his boy one day.

Call him *his*, forever and evermore, carry them off into the future where it waits, and fill the gaps in each other's beings.

Because George deserves just that, and Dream intends to go above and beyond.

God, he's so, so, utterly, undeniably *in love*.

"You're all I've ever wanted."

The whisper disintegrates where it splits through the bristles of George's hair, right where a sugar-encrusted mouth spills a gooey heart and soul into the open air.

And George is already asleep, snoring slow and quiet as he usually does.

He loves that sound, because it means George came to *him*. Means he fled to *his* embrace instead of the chilled solitaire of his room.

Means he *trusted* him.

Loved him.

And Dream's content. So, *so* content.

Because his heart is complete, as long as George is between his arms.

End Notes

[Twitter](#)

I may do more with this series, since I love writing narcoleptic!Gnf so much, so, once again, keep your eyes peeled!

Feedback appreciated, as always <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!